The
COMMONWEAL

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The Bevin-Vishinsky Debates

AMERICAN EDITORIAL comment on the flare-up between Britain and Russia in the UNO Security Council revolved about two points. One angle was to minimize it, to dub it a mere manifestation of the rivalry between the two powers in the Mediterranean and the Near East. The other (often combined with the first) was to rejoice that such controversial matters were so frankly discussed in the light of day instead of in secret negotiations. A variation of this second slant was that it is a fine thing to have such an opportunity to let off steam. The first of these estimates appears too narrow; the second does not go into the situation adequately.

The debate on Greece was slow in coming to a head. It all began when Britain demanded that Russian intervention in strategic northern Iran be reviewed by the Council. Then in a vain effort—as we shall see later—to force Britain into the position of being the first to invoke the veto provision in the UNO charter, Russia brought up the matters of British troops in Greece and in Indonesia. England accepted consideration of these matters, and while somewhat supervised Russo-Iranian conversations were agreed on, British Foreign Minister Bevin extended the area of the controversy by protesting political murders in Poland. He had also charged the USSR with conducting a war of nerves against Iran.

Two days later, the first of the month, Vice-Commissar Vishinsky countered with a fighting 72-minute speech demanding immediate and unconditional withdrawal of British troops from Greece. He charged that a "white terror" existed there. Finally he accused Great Britain of endangering world security and peace by this action.

Mr. Bevin's rebuttal accepted the challenge. He called upon the Security Council for a definite vote on the Russian charge. He continued, "The danger to the peace of the world has been the incessant propaganda from Moscow against the British Commonwealth and the incessant utilization of the Communist Parties in every country in the world." He could not reconcile these activities with the friendship which was supposed to exist between the two powers. After this exchange and unsuccessful efforts at mediation the Council adjourned for the weekend.

On February 4 Vice-Commissar Vishinsky opened the discussion with an even longer and more impassioned speech. "Nothing worse could have been said" than Mr. Bevin's remarks about the Communist Party. He reiterated his Greek charges and expatiated on Russia's side of the case. In a point by point rebuttal which the New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent described as "the greatest speech" the delegates "had ever listened to," Mr. Bevin asked point blank whether Mr. Vishinsky really believed that British action in Greece constituted a threat to the peace. He said that his demand for action by the Security Council on the Russian charge was seconded by the British Cabinet and called for a vote. When the weakness of the Soviet case and the outcome of the Council vote were obvious, Mr. Vishinsky had to invoke the Big Five's veto power to prevent an adverse vote. The Indonesian matter is still to be reviewed, and Lebanon and Syria have filed a protest with the Council demanding immediate withdrawal of occupying French and British troops; the immediate prospect is still troubled.

What is the significance, then, of the Russo-British contest over Greece? As the sentiments of the other delegates indicated, Mr. Bevin was speaking in large measure not only for the British Empire but for the generality of peace-loving nations. He also demonstrated for the first time in recent months that Russia can be checked if only the opposition is determined enough. Mr. Vishinsky had no liking for the Bevin charges about the Communist Party, and was somewhat surprised at the vehemence of British opposition. Yet resistance to the ambitions of the USSR need not in any sense be unfriendly. It has been one of the facts of international life that no nation gets all that it is after.

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Reflections on Strikes

THE MULTITUDE of strikes now taking place throughout the nation—some of them being settled only to have new ones break out—has now become so great that it is hopeless to attempt to appraise each one on its merits and report the results of such appraisals in the limited columns at our disposal. But one generalization can be made which is favorable to the strikers as a whole. Governmental contols in wartime were more effectively applied to wages than to prices, and hence the purchasing power of the worker's dollar has sunk. During the war for most workers this loss of purchasing power was more than offset by overtime. Overtime likewise paid the workers' taxes. Now that overtime has ceased to be the rule, the worker finds himself unable to maintain his standard of living, and he both immediately wants to maintain that standard and intuitively feels that the general maintenance of that standard is an essential factor in guaranteeing reasonable stability in our economy and therefore in guaranteeing the continuance of his job itself.

On the side of the employer an equally general statement can be made. Because the employer faces price control for a reasonable length of time and because the employer himself has no taste for runaway inflation, he views increases in rates of pay as a form of gambling on a continued seller's market for the continuance of which he has no guarantee. The conflict is real, and however heated opinion may be on either side, readers should understand that this is the area of conflict, and that very few business men want to wreck the unions just as very few union members or leaders want to wreck business men.

Indeed, since the conflict is real, we believe that it would be a sign of genuine disease in our society were the present strikes not taking place. The fact that they are and the fact that most of the bouts are being fought out between the principals involved, without being "fixed" by the Government, indicate health in our body politic. Unhappily there is widely current a very different theory, embodied in all proposals for compulsory arbitration or for other recipes to achieve "unity," which has its strong appeal to those of us who are inconvenienced by the strikes and who do not reflect a little more deeply on the whole question of the necessary relationship between conflict and liberty. There are no strikes in Russia and there were no strikes in nazi Germany. That bare statement should be enough.

Is there any way out of the conflict with which we are immediately faced? We believe there is, and we believe that this way out lies in getting steady production. Continuous production, at as even a rate as possible, is the goal at which we should aim. Our institutional devices should, in turn, be aimed at this goal. In other words, there should be a profit premium for manufacturers who do not have to lay men off at any time during the year and a wage premium for workers who do not strike at any time during the year. Couple this—which in essence is the "annual wage" so often advocated by CIO pundits—with the continuance for a year or two of a more carefully studied system of price control intended to hold in check the abnormal buying pressure temporarily occasioned by the lack of things to buy—and the problem will to a large measure be eased, the conflict resolved. For by such a program it would be possible to reduce the "gambling" aspect—from the employer's point of view—of wage increases, while at the same time making the worker feel that because he is reasonably sure of steady employment, he does not require the hourly pay which he would require to bolster himself and his family against layoffs.

Communications with Germans

AT THE PRESENT RATE of development, mail service between the USA and Germany will not be established for months and months and months. Without a radical change, it can safely be predicted that before communication is set up between the people of the two countries and before German and American individuals and private organizations can build some acquaintanceship, understanding and critical reaction to one another's minds and emotions, the pattern of German relations with us and the rest of the world will be set against a background of something quite other than acquaintanceship, understanding and genuinely critical reaction.

On the basis of replies by federal officials to a query of the American Civil Liberties Union, it can be stated with no small confidence that the policy of the American government has been and is to delay the opening of tolerable mail service between Americans and Germans. The sealing off policy seems to prevail. Sealing off and developing a policy for Germany, involving even "re-education" and whatever is the post-V equivalent of psychological warfare, by decision of government officials working autonomously with their own information and prejudices, free from the broadening, stimulating, harassing, contradicting and democratic contributions of an adequately informed public.

The American government, including as first member in Germany, the Army, are themselves hampered and kept from adequate knowledge of Germany and Germans by the restrictions they themselves impose and tolerate to contacts with Germany. For a long while the number of reporters for American papers was kept way down, and the coverage is not yet anywhere near adequate. But the main thing missing has been and is the normal interchange with Germany of indi-

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viduals and businesses and every sort of private American and other foreign organization and society. Government fiat cannot create an adequate substitute for non-official communication. If the Army and the rest of the government suffer from lack of communication (lack of knowledge and lack of means to present their own thinking), the American people must grope around many times more blindly and dumbly, or else stop trying, thinking or worrying about what was a year ago the principal area and community of power outside the United States: Germany.

We cannot quote the full text of the letters sent by Washington officials to the Civil Liberties Union, which in sum present a fair picture of bureaucratic, circular negativism. Quotes, however, can give the general tone:

Post Office Department (Gael Sullivan, Second Assistant Postmaster General, November 27).

> Without adequate transportation facilities and a stabilized postal administration within the country concerned, mail service from the United States cannot be undertaken. The question as to when such facilities are available is one for determination by the controlling authorities in Germany.

Treasury Department (H. D. White, Assistant Secretary, January 25).

> The control of communications with enemy areas is carried out under the provisions of the Trading with the Enemy Act by the Treasury Department in conjunction with the War and State Departments. Consideration is at present being given by the interested Government Departments to the establishment of the necessary communication facilities with Germany. However, the restoration of communications must await a determination by the Commander-in-Chief of the American Forces in Germany that facilities are adequate and the appropriate security measures have been taken.
>
> As soon as the Treasury Department is notified by the War Department that it has established facilities for private communication between this country and Germany, this Department will be prepared to issue the necessary authorization.

State Department (Francis Colt de Wolf, Chief, Telecommunications Division, January 21).

> . . . While the Department considers it desirable to have a limited service established for the transmission of personal correspondence and relief parcels to Germany, it has not thus far been possible to establish such a service because of the lack of a central postal agency in Germany. The establishment of such a central agency was provided for under the terms of the Potsdam Agreement, but it must be established by the unanimous consent of the occupying authorities. The resumption of a limited service to the American zone of Germany only is being considered by the Department and other interested agencies of the Government. It is not known, however, how soon it will be possible to begin this service.

War Department (John W. Martyn, Administrative Assistant, January 3).

> Present United States policy does not permit any communications with German or Japanese nationals. This policy has been necessitated by the inadequacy of transportation facilities within these countries because of the shattered condition of conveyances, and the scarcity of trained and reliable civilian personnel who can be employed in their postal service. The situation in Germany is improving, however, and the reopening of limited postal service between that country and the United States is expected by early spring. . . . However, it may be assumed that, when communications with residents of the United States zone are permitted, the theater commander will initiate negotiations to have the other three occupying powers, United States, France and Russia, similarly relax restrictions in their zones.

The Post Office cedes to the "controlling authorities in Germany": the Treasury defers to the Commander-in-Chief (while asserting its authority): the State Department waits for the unanimity of the Potsdam Powers: the Army, "it may be assumed," will "initiate" talks on the subject with the other Occupying powers, when, as, and if.

The Mysteries of the Party Line

HUMAN EVENTS, a weekly newsletter-analysis issued in Washington, quotes the following item from the Mexico City radio: "The Secretary of the Brazilian Communist Party, Luis Carlos Prestes, said that foreign interests are trying to provoke a war between Brazil and Argentina. The Brazilians desire to live in peace with Argentina. He added that a break in relations with Argentina, which is ardently desired by some financier groups in Washington, may be the first step toward war." We cannot help being a trifle startled by this pronunciamento in view of the fact that our own communist and communistically-inclined groups—as pointed out in Mr. Emmet's article elsewhere in this issue—are enthusiastically favorable to the idea of everyone's breaking relations with Argentina, including the UNO. But then there have been rumors that Mr. Peron and the Argentine communists have been doing a bit of flirting themselves. There are times when the party line comes awfully close to a jigsaw puzzle and quite loses its beautiful Marxian clarity.

Need for New Rationing

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S conference calls attention to the new crisis in the European food situation. Our big wheat surplus has suddenly dwindled, with an abnormal foreign drain on the supply due to drought in Europe and North Africa as the leading cause. On January 1 the official food quota for Italians was cut to 1,000 calories per day—as compared with the American average of 3,600 and the accepted 2,500 required to sustain good health. A second alarming element is the shortage of animal feed in this country, which would aggravate the problem by gravely curtailing American meat production. Polls conducted by such papers as the Washington *Post* indicate that Americans are overwhelmingly in favor of accepting ration restrictions again in order to prevent famine overseas. Canada still has meat rationing; England has just cut her rations still further. It is now up to the United States.

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"...Since Maurice Died"

Maurice Baring: April 27, 1874—December 14, 1945

Anne Fremantle

THERE ARE six great powers, the then Duc de Richelieu said, in the mid-nineteenth century: England, France, Austria, Prussia, Russia and Baring Brothers. Maurice Baring was born the eighth child of the first Lord Revelstoke, head of this great banking house, and he was also nephew of the famous statesman, Lord Cromer. Seldom has any human being been so lucky in the outward circumstances of his whole life. He has himself described, in perhaps the most fragrant of all his sixty-four books, "The Puppet Show of Memory," his perfect childhood. His family had been English for over a hundred years (the Barings descended from Pastor Frantz Baring, minister of the Lutheran Church in Bremen) without ceasing to be European. As a child, Maurice was taken to all the good foreign plays, many of the Italian and German ones, and was introduced to European literature as early as to English. Chérie, his French governess, not only solidly grounded him in the French classics (at six he knew the whole of the last act of Victor Hugo's "Hernani" by heart) but gave him a lifelong devotion to things French—to the shops of Paris, and the toys. Ah, if governesses but realized their power to make or mar international relations! A great diplomat once admitted his lifelong dislike of Germany probably stemmed from an odious Fraülein; and much of pre-1917 Russian distrust of England arose from the conduct and conversation of "Ces Meess."

So exquisitely sensitive was Maurice (his first memory is of his delight in the brightness of a large bird with yellow and red plumage) that he would gloss over Agincourt for fear of hurting Chérie's feelings, and play up Fontenoy, and he refused to recite in French at lunch before a French visitor, because he feared the latter would suffer from his English accent. This perceptiveness was never blunted or impaired: as he lay dying, he gently apologized, to the younger members of his beloved Lovat family as they gathered for Christmas, for dying at such an inconvenient time.

Maurice adored Eton, and then essayed both Cambridge and Oxford—he preferred the latter, because it was more like Eton, and it was there that he made lifelong friends with Hilaire Belloc. Then, after "ploughing" repeatedly—in arithmetic—Maurice scraped through the Foreign Office examination. His diplomatic career proceeded "according to plan"—he was sent *en poste* to Paris, Copenhagen and then Rome, all plums. Yet Maurice was already, for all the bubbling gaiety, the practical jokes and the boisterous high spirits that made him the gayest of companions, a serious person. Vernon Lee, one of those strange "Englishmen Italianate" (though she happened to be a woman) who knew and understood Maurice better than most people, wrote to him: "I suppose it takes such a spirit of heroic pity as that little book [a volume of verse] breathes, to be as funny as you are, Maurice." And for "heroic pity" the diplomatic service has little use. "Poor dears, they lead such sheltered lives," a sailor uncle of mine said of his two Foreign Office brothers. Maurice's life, for all the warmth and love and comfort of it, and in it, was not to be sheltered.

The stage was his first love, and he and his brothers and sisters spent all their nursery and schoolroom days acting. Sarah Bernhardt was one of the great influences in his life, and his drawings of her, made when he was seven (they serve as illustrations to "The Puppet Show of Memory") are inspired. At Eton he had won the Prince Consort prize for French, and in 1899 he published his first book, called "Hildesheim" after the little place where he tutored in German. It is a collection of four pastiches in French on current French authors and is tremendously admired in France. His gift for languages was miraculous, a real "gift of tongues." Not only was he a superb translator—his renderings of Pushkin and of Lermontov are unique—but he could write in the languages he knew: some seven really fluently, no less idiomatically and comfortably than in English. When he lay dying he said the rosary in some of the tongues he loved: French, Russian, Spanish, German, Latin.

He made many experiments in drama, some in prose, some in verse. "The Black Prince," "Gaston de Foix," "Manfoy Duke of Athens," "Mahasena" are the least unreadable of the poetic dramas; "The Double Game" and "His Majesty's Embassy" the most plausible of his straight plays. Vernon Lee said of his verse-

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plays "they are like Handel opera; three or four divine airs in pages of dull recitative." They read like bad Stephen Phillips, and he was no such great shakes. All the plays lack conflict: it is not until he began to write novels—the first published when he was thirty-seven—that Maurice Baring learned how to internalize conflict, to incarnate it.

His poetry is also tremendously uneven. Much is mediocre, much tepid and trivial. Then suddenly he will sing true. He is at his best in laments: his poem for Lord Lucas; his dirge for HMS *Tiger,* about to be broken up, his verses for his dead nephew, Charles Spencer, are his high-water marks. T. E. Lawrence, writing to him in 1928 about the latter, speaks of his "exquisite ear for the syllables of grief" and adds "it's ever so queer; quite half its lines are plain prose, and the whole of it is poetry."

> I do not need you changed, dissolved in air
> Nor rarefied
> I need you all imperfect as you were

Desmond McCarthy has called him "an author whose pockets were never empty." But he was late in finding an audience: he wrote to Vernon Lee in 1920, "I have a public of three. You used to be a fourth."

In July, 1901, after a visit to Sarah Bernhardt at her country place, he went to stay with the Benckendorffs—whom he had met in Copenhagen—at Sosnofka, their home in Russia. Instantly he fell in love with the country and the people (in spite of having his pocketbook, passport and all other such necessities, stolen on the train). He then and there resolved to study Russian, to write about Russia and to give up the diplomatic service.

★

The stage, and Sarah, had been his first love; Russia was his second. And there were hints of it, too, in his childhood: a picture of Saint Petersburg on the night-nursery wall; a love of Tolstoy, whom he was so surprised to find was a Russian, writing about Russian people. Dickens, Maurice had thought of as English; but it never occurred to him that the characters in Tolstoy had a country—or rather, that they could have any country of which he was not a part. His third love—for every man's heart is three-cornered—was God. It is given to very few people (and fewer artists) to have their loves so tidy and so integrated, flowing each out of the other, not contradicting, but complementing each other. For many artists, as they proceed through the forest, in the woods become tree. This Maurice never did. Together with his exquisite capacity for appreciation, his tuning-fork sensitivity of ear, he had, too, that detachment which is a natural quality of the type of human being of whom Sir Philip Sidney was the prototype for all time, and Maurice a sparkling example. And Philip Sidney's goodbye to Stella might have been Maurice Baring's to life: *Splendide rerum valedico nugis*—splendidly I bid farewell to all the trifles of things.

He went to Manchuria to cover the Russo-Japanese war for the *Morning Post* in 1904, and in October, 1906, took up his duties as *Morning Post* correspondent in Saint Petersburg. He remained in Russia until the end of 1907 and saw almost the whole of the 1905 revolution. He went also twice to Turkey—once for the *Morning Post,* to see the Young Turk Revolution of 1909, and in 1912 for the *Times,* to cover the Balkan War. In 1914 he was in Russia as usual for the summer, came home to be attached to the infant RAF and was throughout the 1914-1918 war in France, at RAF headquarters. His account of these years, a continuation of "The Puppet Show of Memory," is like a Seurat picture of a Goya subject: a mass of pointilliste detail adding up to one of the grimmest imaginable of war books.

In 1912 he went around the world, and after 1918 he took up his traveling again. In 1921 his first novel, "Passing By" was published, it was followed by "Overlook" and "A Triangle"—more novelle than novels; then came "C," "Cats Cradle," "Daphne Adeane," "Tinker's Leave" and seven more, including the lovely reconstruction "In My End Is My Beginning," an account of Mary Stuart's last days told by the four Marys. His last two books were an anthology, "Have You Anything to Declare?" and a book of Russian lyrics (1943).

In his various Russian books he repeatedly tries to analyze for the reader the reasons for the greatness of the Russian people; and the source of their particular charm for him, particularly in "What I Saw in Russia" an "Outline of Russian Literature" and in the long book of Russian history of which far the best chapter is that on Religion in Russia, at the end.

He faces bravely the faults of his beloved people: here is a passage from "The Puppet Show of Memory": "The *advocatus diaboli* had a strong case. He could have drawn up a powerful indictment, not only against the political conditions, and the arbitrary and uncertain administration, but also against the character of the people; he could mention the moral laxity, the extravagant self-indulgence, the lack of control . . . Russia, he would say, was a nation of ineffectual rebels under the direction of a band of corrupt and time-serving officials." But, he goes on, "perhaps the secret of the whole matter is that the Russian soul is filled with a human Christian charity which is warmer in kind and intenser in degree, and is expressed with a greater simplicity and sincerity, than is to be met with in any other people." And elsewhere he writes: "Somebody once prophesied

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a few years ago that in the future the Americans and Russians would carry everything before them, because of their sheer warmth of heart." This was written nearly twenty-five years ago!

His account of the Russian Church—for all his enthusiastic descriptions of the singing—is pretty grim: "All minor public servants and soldiers when they go to confession receive a ticket from the verger to say that they have received absolution, and the pope keeps a list of those who go to communion. People who do not go to communion run the risk of being considered politically unsound. Many people pay to be on a list from year to year stating they have received the sacraments when they haven't." This condition was like that of Ireland during the days of the anti-Catholic Penal Laws, when the public reception of the Anglican sacrament was obligatory. Yet, he concludes, "Religion in Russia, whether believed or not, will always remain a part of patriotism, and as long as there is a Russian nation there will be a Russian religion at the core of it." Perhaps one of the most illuminating incidents in all his books is his account of a long religious conversation with Nazarenko, one of the peasant deputies to the Duma, who could not understand an Englishman believing in God.

Even before his novels, Maurice wrote superb accounts of action. He had what Vernon Lee called "a dry bony style, which looks like no style at all" and a superb English power of understatement, which was made articulate and was transformed into an art by his study of Russian authors and by living in Russia. An artist never creates *ex nihilo*: he functions like the magpie, not the spider. He has to impose order, and, curiously but also naturally, he prunes and pares best where he has the richest material from which to make his selections. The extreme economy of Chekhov, as of the Chinese, is rooted in plenty, not in penury. In Baring's case add a most sensitive ear and palate, and it is little wonder that, as Vernon Lee (again!) wrote to him "the whole subject of Russia seems exactly to suit your strange, rather musical than literary talent."

"I was holding up a man who had been terribly mangled in the legs by a bayonet. The doctor was bandaging him. He screamed with pain. The doctor said that the screaming upset him. I asked the man to try not to scream, and lit a cigarette and put it in his mouth. He stopped immediately and smoked, and remained quite still—until his socks were taken off. The men scarcely ever had socks; their feet were swathed in a white bandage, a kind of linen puttee. This man had socks, and when they were taken off he cried, saying he would never see them again. I promised to keep them for him, and he said 'Thank you, my protector.' A little later he died."

Maurice Baring's account of his conversion might have been written by André Maurois's immortal Colonel Bramble: "On the eve of Candlemas, 1909, I was received into the Catholic Church by Father Sebastian Bowden at the Brompton Oratory: the only action in my life which I am quite certain I have never regretted." Yet the first letter quoted by Dame Ethel Smyth from him—written in January, 1900—had begun, "I wish we were all born Roman Catholics."

It is as a novelist that Baring was most Catholic: his novels are all and every one of them concerned with the relation of the soul to God first, and secondly with the relation of souls—and bodies—to each other. It is possible to argue whether any novel can be Catholic, whether fiction can bear the weight of so tremendous a primary fact; it is also possible to doubt whether any novel can not be Catholic and be a novel at all: for human beings only exist in terms of that first relationship, and if it is not faced, none other is valid. But it is impossible to question Baring's position as one of the great Catholic novelists: he is of the stature of Mauriac and of Bernanos, and the French consider and are devoted to him as such. The two best current English Catholic writers—Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh—both owe a tremendous lot to Maurice Baring's courage. If today the Catholic novel has not only been accepted but is admitted as the best and most serious type of fiction both in England and in France, it is due, in England, greatly to Maurice Baring. He himself acknowledges how profoundly Saki's "The Unbearable Blessington" moved him; and his debt to the Russians, especially to Turgeniev, is patent and acknowledged in every novel he wrote.

Vernon Lee once more has put her finger on the reason why Maurice Baring was not even greater than he was. She is discussing Proust. "Of course he's a great writer. Those sort of sticky people often are. The brisk, fresh energetic type is usually too energetic to put all energy into good art, worse luck. Art gets the *ténébreux*, the *ronflants*, the *Slimy Toves*. . . . Stendhal! *there's* a man so brisk, so clean in perception and movement, so energetic, so full of breeze and sunshine, that he wrote only two—at most three—novels and spent his time at dozens of useless things," did "dozens of useless things."

Maurice Baring, too, played splendidly with trifles. At the Paris Embassy he and a colleague had a battle of inkpots that lasted until there was no red nor blue nor black ink left in the Chancery, and they had to buy the ambassador a new carpet. Once he was sent by Baring Brothers to Moscow to negotiate a loan for some tramways, "or at least," writes Dame Ethel Smyth in her biography of Baring, "to watch the proceedings. He sat like the Mikado in the hotel

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and refused to see a soul, whereby he got the reputation of being an inflexible Lord of Finance. After two days someone informed him that the other side had at last consented to the terms insisted on by Baring Brothers, and Baring presided at the ensuing banquet." In 1924, when staying at Beaufort Castle, he found Lady Lovat's driving license and filled in the space left for endorsements and collisions with such items as

August 1 collision with train
August 2 collision with perambulator
August 3 collision with donkey-cart

When, with infinite trouble and after paying a heavy fine, she procured a second license, he immediately did it again.

It was to the Lovat's he came for the last five years of his life, and he died cherished by their love and care. His house was badly bombed, all his books were destroyed, and he himself was terribly shell-shocked by "enemy action" in 1941. He remained a complete invalid, unable even to sign his name. He died very peacefully, and is buried in the small Highland churchyard, between Simon Lord Lovat and Hilaire Belloc's little godchild, Rose. "Just the three of them there, beneath the great elm," writes the priest, Father Austin McGuire, who celebrated the Requiem Mass.

Meeting Maurice, one might be put off by the pear-shaped, pendulous body and bald head, by the nervous laugh, the childish jokes. But then, suddenly, he would say something full of astonishment, of the wonder he had kept and "we all" have lost, and one would be humbled by its presence. His best epitaph is the anonymous prayer with which he concluded his anthology:

Et à l'heure de ma mort soyez le refuge de mon âme étonnée et receves la dans le Sein de Votre miséricorde.

Our Future Argentine Policy

Should we intervene in Argentina?

Christopher Emmet

LAST WEEK I reviewed the mistaken estimates about the kind and extent of Peron's support in the Argentine which contributed to a first class American diplomatic defeat, since Peron's period of greatest progress has coincided with our most violent diplomatic blasts. But it remains to be seen how such distortion was possible.

Part of the explanation probably lies in sheer wishful thinking. Peron was believed with good reason to be pro-nazi, his opponents were on our side, the war was still on and the natural trends of war-time propaganda did the rest. We belittled Peron and over-estimated his opponents.

But this fails to explain why the distortion persisted for many months after Hitler's defeat; still less does it explain why Peron was depicted as the friend of the reactionary land owners and big business elements when in fact he was the reverse. No doubt our correspondents were encouraged in this mistake by the fact that the Castillo government, which preceded the Colonels' régime, had been a conservative semi-dictatorship; but considering that Peron and his colonels had revolted against Castillo there was little excuse for continuing to identify the revolutionaries with the régime they revolted against.

The truth seems to be that our liberal foreign correspondents, recognizing the imitation of fascism in many of Peron's methods, were so convinced that fascism is a rightist, reactionary movement that they refused to admit it when the left wing Peronista movement took shape before their eyes. The correspondents accepted, and the commentators and columnists in America who broadcast their reports accepted, certain liberal dogmas about fascism and they tried to fit the Argentine facts to the theory instead of the theory to the facts.

This picture of "Argentine fascism" as a purely reactionary and military movement backed by the upper classes without support from the people, least of all from the poorest elements among the people, is perfectly in line with the fashionable theory of fascism which is now so widely accepted in America. It is an outgrowth of the Marxist thesis that fascism is a conservative counter-revolution, manned by military mercenaries but created and controlled largely by feudal landlords and big business.

Now if this theory is correct, then obviously Peron's movement, which is based on the lowest income groups, cannot be called "fascist," even if it is a dictatorship. But the theory is not correct. For wherever fascism triumphed—except perhaps in Spain where it did so by outside inter-

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vention—it won because it managed to secure the support of a large disciplined minority of the people against a divided majority. *In both Germany and Italy the greater part of that minority belonged to the lowest income groups*—the unemployed, the neglected white collar workers, the poorer peasants and members of the middle class who had been ruined by rising prices and the almost total loss of their savings through inflation.

According to the now fashionable theory, fascism is not a revolution by many but a counter-revolution by a few. But the theory of fascism as a counter-revolution against a left-wing revolution is exploded by the fact that the left-wing revolutionary movement in Italy passed its peak nearly three years before Mussolini's triumph, with the abortive seizure of the factories. And in Germany fascism triumphed fourteen years after the Berlin communists, led by Rosa Luxemburg, as well as the Munich and Saxon communists came nearest to achieving power.

Nazism, or "fascism" (as we will call both for short) is a mass movement led by demagogues, like Mussolini, who pretend to believe in its ideology, or by fanatics, like Hitler, who do believe in it. It builds up a mythology about blood and history in order to infect the masses with a nationalistic fervor which amounts to a religion. It develops its one party "élite," yet it is both anti-aristocratic and anti-capitalist, and worships a leader who is a man of the people. Far from being conservative, it blackmails or tricks business men into giving their support but later rigidly regiments them. It first deceives and divides the churches and then inevitably persecutes them, for its god is the Fascist State.

It was no accident that Hitler's party was called the National Socialist German Workers Party, and it remained socialist *in a perverted sense*. Mussolini's Fascist Party grew out of the dissident branch of the Socialist Party which he led, and it began by fostering strikes. Even the nazi anti-Semitism had a leftist slant, for the Jews were first attacked as "international bankers, money lenders, profiteers." In fact the cry against "Jewish international bankers" is the quintessence of national socialism, since these three words express its racialism, its nationalism and its anti-capitalism. The contradictory charge about all Jews being communists was secondary in importance, and it, too, stressed the international aspect of communism as its greatest sin. (This was before Soviet imperialism developed. Later Stalin imitated Hitler just as Mussolini and Hitler had originally aped Stalin—and imitation is the sincerest flattery.)

More shocking still from the point of view of current liberal dogmas, fascism not only promised to help the low income groups but it actually seems to have kept that promise better than any other, for it held labor support after it gained power by providing full employment, though its method of doing so led to war.

Fascism of course persecutes independent labor leaders and deprives the workers, like all others, of their freedom. But, as in Soviet Russia, the Fascist State did give them a security which they, of all classes, need the most; hence they realized their deprivations under fascism relatively the least. For of all groups they can least afford to prefer liberty to security.

As evidence of this, although labor played a great part in the underground movements in the countries of Europe which had not been fascist, the most effective opposition *within* fascist countries came from the upper income groups. The only revolt in Germany came from the generals, high civil servants and some big business men, backed by the churches and college students, who also largely represented upper income groups. This is confirmed by the reports of Saul Padover in the *Nation* and of other liberal investigators from Germany, about the virtual absence of a labor underground and the relatively generous treatment Hitler accorded to labor. (This is no reflection on the German trade union leaders who were the special object of nazi persecution when Hitler achieved power.)

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Behind the façade of the nazi or fascist state were a group of adventurers, psychopaths and gangsters around the dictator. Like all gangsters these men are the natural enemies of business men, and it was these party leaders, not the capitalists, who were the ruling and privileged class in the nazi-fascist state, just as they are in Soviet Russia or Yugoslavia today. Fascism, in short, is far more of a bastardized leftist movement than a conservative movement.

Of course there was some big business support. There always is for any political movement which looks as if it might succeed, since it is a way of buying protection and getting in on the ground floor. (It is a common practice in this country for business men to hedge by giving campaign contributions to both political parties.) But this business support was not predominant either in the nazi party or within the business community itself until after Hitler won power, when, of course, he could call the tune.

Later the big business men were the Party's prisoners, just like the generals. They were pampered prisoners no doubt, but captives none the less—and the connections of these business men abroad, such as the personal relations of Schacht with the Anglo-American bankers through the Bank for International Settlements, or I. G. Farben's patent agreements with Standard Oil, were exploited for the ends of German foreign

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and military policy. This was done largely without the knowledge of the American business men involved, who thought the German business executives were acting as free agents.

The rôle of these German business men was contemptible, but they were not the creators and beneficiaries of nazism, as they are depicted. Paradoxical as it sounds, probably more German business men contributed to the Nazi Party from fear of nazism than of communism. Like the business man in some gangster-ridden American city who is forced to buy protection, it is his "protector" whom he fears—yet he pays up. So strong was this motive that even some Jewish business men, who had every natural reason to hate and fear Hitler, contributed to the Nazi Party before he came to power in the hope of protection after he got in—as they feared he might.*

As for the small business men and shopkeepers who were the special pets of early nazi propaganda, they fared worst of all and were virtually liquidated in 1943.

Clearly, all this means that Peron's gestures toward labor are not in the least incompatible with the charge that he is a fascist.

But since the communists are partly responsible for the myths about the identity of fascism with big business which we have here analyzed and which caused us to misread the situation in Argentina, we must glance at their own relation to fascism. Actually they bore a great share of guilt for the rise of nazism, not only because they did not throw themselves to the support of the Republic, but because they made common cause with the nazis in trying to tear the Republic down. They attacked the socialists more bitterly than they attacked Hitler. They thought they could fish in troubled waters, and underrated Hitler as a madman who could be used to overthrow the Republic but would be unable to govern himself. At one time in the crucial year of 1932, the last year before Hitler came to power, the communists and nazis actually picketed together in the politically inspired Berlin transit strike. All this was in line with the communist interpretation of Karl Marx whose theories did not foresee the possibility of a fascist revolution.

The tragedy is that the communists, who had a large share in the responsibility for the success of fascism, have managed to sell a distorted theory of fascism to the world, both in order to cover up their own share of the guilt and in order to tear down the traditions and institutions which have survived the war. By smearing business and the church as creators and collaborators of fascism, they undermine opposition to their program, especially in Europe.

And yet guilty as many conservatives were, the communists were more so. Their guilt consisted not only in the blindness which refused to work with the socialists against Hitler. The communists in Russia invented many of the totalitarian techniques which were *admittedly* copied by Mussolini, and which Hitler, in turn, copied from both Mussolini and Stalin. Later the Hitler-Stalin Pact gave the green light to the attack on Poland, and through the French communists, contributed enormously to the collapse of France.

Soviet Russia was the first totalitarian dictatorship. It was the excesses of the Bolsheviks, and the exaggerated fears which their ruthlessness inspired among middle class conservatives and religious people all over the world, which served fascism again by enabling the fascists to exploit the fear of communism. Thus Hitler not only imitated the communists and took advantage of their warfare against other anti-nazis—he used communism as a bogey which helped him to pose temporarily as a champion of stability and religion, when he was really the arch enemy of both. He was aided in this by the communists who invariably attacked Hitler as the tool of conservative interests, *so the nazi and communist propaganda combined to further the same legend.* No wonder it flourished!

But its final triumph came during the war, when the communists took advantage of the natural unwillingness of anyone on our side to remind us of the communist rôle in the rise of fascism, for fear of helping Hitler's propaganda against Russia. Thus the communists and their fellow-travelers had a clear field to propagate the myth that the communists were the leading opponents of the fascists; which means anyone who does not like communists.

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Such is a brief outline of some of the political origins of fascism.

The lessons of this history for Argentina seem obvious. The fact that Peron's régime is championing the cause of labor against big business is no guarantee whatever that it is not fascist. Only a return to the observance and the philosophy of civil liberties and respect for the *spirit* of the Argentine Constitution can give that assurance. But on the other hand this history shows that just because fascism, like communism, is a left-wing and not a right-wing movement and gains its principal support from unjustly oppressed economic classes, we can only fight fascism in the Argentine or elsewhere by liberal and progressive economic policies. Since fascism, like communism, misleads the workers first by false promises and later by false information it must be met by giv-

*In Italy the rôle of pro-Fascist capitalists was greater because the totalitarianism was less vigorous. but the real power and profit went to the party tycoons, like Ciano.

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ing them real benefits. In other words, opposition to the demagogic left-wing attack from either fascism or communism must be spearheaded by honest left-wing movements, typified by labor leaders like Bevin and Liberals like Beveridge in England.

But paradoxical though it may seem, although the anti-fascist movement can only hope to succeed in the long run by a boldly liberal and progressive policy, it must cooperate in any emergency with all decent conservative elements, even though they differ on economic theory. Otherwise the divided majority which respects civil liberties can never resist the ruthless, disciplined minority which takes advantage of civil liberties in order to destroy them.

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This is the double task which faces our friends in the Argentine, and whatever American influence there is should be thrown behind this program. In order to win, the anti-Peron forces must hold Argentine labor by convincing them that the opposition will maintain and improve any real gains under Peron, while preserving their liberties, for if forced to choose between more freedom or more security for their families, security will probably win.

The democratic forces in the Argentine must win their fight for themselves, but there are a few things the United States can do to help them, besides giving this advice. We cannot oust Peron now without declaring war—a course no one proposes. Fortunately our government has renounced the unilateral attitude which helped Peron in favor of collective action and collective intervention if it proves necessary or possible. The attitude of the other American nations means that all decisive action will be avoided until after the Argentine elections, since a Peron defeat will either eliminate him or give a new moral justification for intervention, if Peron defies the verdict and breaks his solemn promise to abide by it.

But in the meantime every kind of publicity, as well as diplomatic and economic pressure, should be concentrated on warning Peron that his chance of overcoming the ostracism of his régime by other American nations, especially the United States, depends on the orderliness and honesty of the election. We should ask all Latin American countries to unite with us now in joint diplomatic action along these lines and we should urge the British to take similar diplomatic measures. In order to conform to diplomatic usage, such a warning would have to be conveyed privately as a hint, but such a united pressure might nevertheless be effective. And leading citizens, newspapers and organizations should say the same thing publicly.

After the vote a special Pan American conference should be called to consider both the result and the validity of the election, as well as the whole method and theory of intervention expressed in the Uruguayan and Venezuelan proposals. Although the Uruguayan plan which we favored has run into opposition, Secretary Byrnes has wisely asked for modification or counter proposals.

Such a program offers a chance to crawl back off the limb where our correspondents and commentators, as much as our diplomats, have placed us. More important, it offers the best chance of defeating the fascism in this hemisphere.

Even if Peron wins all is not lost. So far his fascism is only embryonic and since Peron is probably more of a demagogue than a fanatic he may turn back. His past pro-Germanism, although it reflects his character, has little significance, for the fate of Germany will be decided in Europe, not in the Argentine.

There is not only a great measure of liberty left in the Argentine today—more than in most of the world—but Peron has shown some signs of returning to the path of legality. His social legislation is healthy whatever its motives, and, publicly at least, he has strongly repudiated that most vicious of fascist techniques — organized anti-Semitism (New York *Times*, December 23, 1945). If he wins in an orderly election it is to our interest to encourage him along this road by offering a reconciliation, just as we should oppose him if he relapses from it.

The amount of freedom of the press and assembly is greater in Argentina today than that permitted by the Soviet Government in the recent Hungarian and Austrian elections, not to speak of the Yugoslav election whose results we also recognize. Moreover, there is a good prospect now that the Argentine election will be more honest than what passes for a free election in Mexico, where a left-wing one-party system holds power, or elsewhere in Latin America. If after the Argentine election this appears to have been the case, we cannot deny the validity of the one and not the others. However, if an undemocratic Mexico or Russia is friendly, peaceful and cooperative with us, whereas an undemocratic Argentina or Spain is hostile or aggressive, we naturally have a right to act accordingly in our loan and trade policy. Every nation has a right to reward its friends and oppose its enemies by every peaceful means, and all nations have a duty to cooperate against aggression.

In their impatience over the recently announced rejection by most Latin American nations of the Uruguayan proposal for collective intervention, many American liberals now propose to ignore the Pan American setup and appeal directly to the UNO to expel the Argentine. Such constructive

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internationally-minded groups as "Americans United for World Organization" and the "Council for Democracy" have joined hands with leftist groups like the Nation Associates and the CIO-PAC, as well as with such notorious fellow-traveler outfits as the National Lawyers Guild, to demand intervention by the UNO.

But in the first place, if this approach were adopted by the United States without the approval of other Latin American nations, it would be an abandonment of our own handiwork and a repudiation of our commitments to seek a united regional approach to such American problems. Sumner Welles warns us that if we continue to take hasty unilateral action along such lines we will wreck the hemisphere solidarity we have tried so long to build up. To appeal to the UNO against Argentina alone would be openly to renounce hemisphere solidarity and abandon our agreements with our Latin American friends at the very time when our concessions at the Moscow Conference strengthened Russia's special position in the Balkans.

In the second place, it would be inconsistent to raise the Argentine question in the UNO, either on the basis of potential aggression or violation of human rights, without at the same time applying this principle to other members of the United Nations where similar violations are alleged to occur. There must be universal application of moral standards if they are to have the support of world opinion. America should take the lead in such a proposal, and try to enlist the backing of the other American nations along these lines, for in this there would be nothing inconsistent with Pan American solidarity. It would merely extend to the world the same regional principles already endorsed in the Act of Chapultepec—a very different thing from singling out Argentina, a signatory at Chapultepec, without the approval of the other signers.

We must remember that Argentina was taken into the UNO as part of what amounted to a compromise with Russia, whereby the Latin American nations voted unwillingly for the admission of White Russia and the Ukraine as "independent" nations, only on the understanding that they would also vote for the admission of Argentina, on the ground that Argentina had signed the Act of Chapultepec.

At San Francisco the United States delegation functioned as the go-between. We had agreed at the Mexico City Conference to Argentina's signing the Act of Chapultepec, which involved her declaration of war against Germany and which implied her right to be admitted to the UNO. In a secret agreement at Yalta President Roosevelt had also reluctantly agreed to support the admission of White Russia and the Ukraine to the UNO. The Latin American nations, however, refused to accept the fiction that those parts of the Soviet Union are independent states unless the Argentine was also admitted to the UNO at the same time, and they had the votes to make their position stick. On the other hand, Molotov warned that if White Russia and the Ukraine were *not* accepted he would leave San Francisco and break up the conference. So *in order to save the conference* the US delegation agreed to vote with the Latin American nations for all three new members simultaneously.

Molotov's vain plea for more time to debate the question of Argentina's admission, which aroused so much sympathy for Russia, was a highly deceptive maneuver because at the same time he insisted that *the seating of the White Russian and Ukrainian delegates could not be postponed!* So the truth is that Soviet Russia which made such propaganda capital out of its opposition to Argentina's admission to the UNO was mainly responsible for it.

Moreover, the insistence of the Latin American nations that the Argentine had as much right to admission as the Ukraine and White Russia seems valid, for even if Argentina is a potentially aggressive dictatorship, it is at least an independent state, whereas the other two not only have dictatorial régimes but are not even independent units. For instance, M. Manuilski, the Foreign Minister of the Ukraine, is an old line Bolshevik who cannot even speak in the Ukrainian dialect.

Consistency, therefore, would seem to demand that if the issue of free elections and violations of human rights is raised in connection with the Argentine we must raise them also in regard to White Russia and the Ukraine, and for that matter in the communist-dominated states of Yugoslavia and Poland. In view of Russia's aggressive moves in Iran and Turkey, as well as Tito's threatened aggressions in Macedonia and Trieste, these other states are also fully as vulnerable as the Argentine on the score of potential aggression. (Tito's army and armaments, incidentally, are far larger than Peron's.)

Even on the score of acting as a refuge for individual fascists, which was a feature of the Nation Associates appeal to the UNO against Argentina, Tito's régime is ahead of Peron's. Let us cite just two examples given in Dorothy Thompson's column of December 26 in the New York *Post*:

> It will interest those who think that Tito is anti-fascist to know that the commander of the Belgrade Guard is none other than Gen. Mirkomesich, who in 1941 commanded a regiment of artillery on the side of the Germans on the southern front, and in 1942 headed a Croat division which fought with Von Paulus at Stalingrad. For this he received the decoration of Oak Leaves with Swords from Adolf Hitler. Taken prisoner by the Russians, he has returned to Belgrade to aid Tito.
>
> Sulejman Filipovish, a member of Tito's cabinet, commanded a division of the fascist Ustachi in Bosnia, and

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for his horrible slaughters of the population was put high on the list of war criminals prepared by the original government-in-exile.

To ignore all these considerations would be to indulge further in that use of a double moral standard and that acquiescence in one-sided agreements which have done so much already to discredit the Big Three policy with the smaller nations, and with world public opinion in general.

The conclusion seems obvious that we should raise the Argentine question before the UNO Assembly only provided the majority of Latin American nations approve this action after the Argentine election; and provided we also raise the question of free elections, human rights and potential aggression in connection with White Russia, the Ukraine, Yugoslavia and Poland.

In any case, only a strengthening of the UNO Charter along the lines of an International Bill of Rights, plus a modification of the veto power, will make it possible for the UNO to take effective action in Argentina or anywhere else. Now it can only expel a delinquent member. We should try to enlist Latin American support to urge these changes. But in the meantime we should strengthen the Act of Chapultepec, as we promised.

Discrimination By Evasion

FRANCIS DOWNING

ACCORDING to the New York *Tribune* of January 28, Mr. Mahoney and Mr. Steingut, sponsors of a Bill in the New York State Legislature to provide $50,000,000 to establish a State University "free from bias," are going to hold hearings for public-spirited citizens who have been studying the problem of discrimination. I do not expect to be invited, but I am not unfamiliar with the practices of discrimination.

I have no reason to be opposed to a new State University in New York if it is established that there is need for one, but I am more than a little perplexed at the impetuous haste with which some of our educators have gone on record for such a school. Even considering the numbers clamoring to get into our colleges it is not at all clear that such a university is needed. Proof of its need is a burden upon the sponsors. It is worth noting that Dr. William J. Wallin, Chancellor of the Board of Regents, has voted "no" on the grounds of prohibitive expense. Instead Dr. Wallin has suggested a Regents' Institute and scholarship plan. The proliferation of junior colleges under this plan would take on a regional basis, and thus, it is said, make education more available to more people than would the State University.

The Mahoney-Steingut plan is tied into the question of discrimination. The Mayor's Committee on Unity, headed by Charles Evans Hughes, Jr., has recently reported—what many of us know—that discrimination is being practiced in our schools against Jews, Catholics, Negroes and Italians. This operates through a quota system on the basis of which "minority groups" are admitted to classrooms.

Many of those supporting the proposed bill argue that such practices will be dissolved in the new State University. For these reasons Mr. Hughes has given his approval to the Bill. He regards it as the most effective means of assuring *all persons* the full educational advantage to which they are intellectually entitled. It is at this point that doubt disturbs me and creeps along the pulse and pricks the flesh.

If I still understand English, what all this seems to be saying is that we should allow the schools which are practicing discrimination to go on doing precisely that. It means this because, under New York law, the State has the right to withdraw public funds from schools engaging in discrimination. But the Mahoney-Steingut approach makes no mention of enforcing this law. Instead, they seem to be saying, there will be always this new University—and Catholics, Jews, Negroes and Italians, excluded from other colleges, can go there. I submit that this is not a real attempt to combat such incredible, such deep hate, such shameless arithmetical ostracism as presently exists.

The plan of the proponents of the Bill runs something like this. Citizens of the State of New York: We cannot abolish discrimination. We investigated it. We find it a noxious fact of scholastic life. We know that by law we could attack discrimination by holding out funds from colleges deserving it. We could deprive the guilty colleges of public bounty. Mr. O'Dwyer has said that this is what we should do. But we haven't the courage to do this. If we cannot enforce it, let us evade it. Let us build a special school for all these abused: an island where, like all islanders, exclusive students can live in isolation, self-conscious, feeling frustration, feeling like lepers.

Put them away; segregate them, put them aside—those whom we will further hurt and wound. Let them associate with only their pitiable selves. Let us stop being hypocritical about words like democracy and equality and dignity and freedom. Let us admit that we do not mean these words. We did not fight in the Solomons and in Iwo Jima for these things—for the things of the spirit, the defense of Christianity and tolerance of color and of creed.

In the nineteenth century liberals like John Morley used to argue the need of religion as a means of social control of the masses. But the

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Morleys, wiser in their own generation, denied this religion for themselves. In a similar way, our spoken, our given objectives in this war were bright, flamboyant banners behind which men would fight. But we did not believe them. We do not believe them. Let us pay no more tributes to hypocrisy.

Rather let us, wiser in our own generation, admit distinctions of race, of color and of creed. Let us subsidize our belief in an intellectual and social élite by allowing all our schools, save one, to stigmatize part of our youth. As Europeans once marked Jews apart and set them in ghettoes, let us now do the same for our Jews, our Catholics, our Negroes, our Italians.

Protestantism is clearly superior to Catholicism. Catholics and Protestants are surely better than Jews. Whites are superior to Negroes. Italians are inferior to other groups. Let Mr. O'Dwyer talk about the law. We will recognize leprosy and isolate it.

That is the kind of speech I would make if I were either Mr. Mahoney or Mr. Steingut. To them I say: if we need a new state University in New York, prove it. But do not make it the beginning of frankly ghetto education.

But for the love of God, if you intend to raise ghettoes in our midst, stop talking about solving the problem of discrimination.

Communications

CONTACT WITH GERMANY

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editors: My congratulations for your editorial "Contact with Germany" (February 4). That is the right constructive approach to German affairs. We have to find out the facts, and therefore communications must be restored and organized. If that is not done, if mail service is not resumed, mistaken rumors and overstatements will continue to be believed. The food situation in Germany is surely bad enough, but your editorial corrected the widely circulated story that Germans even in the American zone receive in a number of cities only 800 calories a day.

It is necessary to give to Germans the opportunity of coming into contact with the world outside. Is it not significant that the author of the "German Letter" published in your issue of January 11 cannot obtain directly a copy of THE COMMONWEAL?

Months ago an American chaplain was kind enough to forward to me a letter from one of the most courageous leaders of the German Catholic Youth, J. Maassen, now in Altenberg, Rhineland. Maassen asked me to put him and his friends in contact with American Catholic youth in order to learn how the world really looks.

It would be most useful to read German publications in order not to be misled by a certain propaganda which misuses the sufferings of the German masses for political

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purposes. There is, e.g., the book of the Catholic journalist F. A. Kramer, "Vor Deutschlands Ruinen," published in Coblenz and very widely read in Baden, which contains a most intelligent analysis of the rise and development of the Hitler régime. It tackles the problem of German collective responsibility and in pointing out the connection of nazism with Prussian imperial and republican neo-nationalism calls for a complete reorganization of German political structures.

I hope that the appeal of THE COMMONWEAL to establish contacts between German and American Catholics will be successful. We are still insufficiently informed about German developments. A sentimental approach is as dangerous in the long run as an approach dominated by hate. There is an opportunity to do work for the cause of world peace whose importance cannot be underrated. Of course, these contacts ought to be organized and maintained by people who know something about Germany, who are able to understand foreign thought and behavior and to see them in their historical perspective.

A final remark: it is necessary to improve our knowledge of the spiritual and intellectual development not only of the German people. I notice that two of the outstanding Catholic European thinkers of our time, the French Jesuit H. de Lubac and the Swiss Jesuit H. U. von Balthasar, are almost completely unknown in this country. Books of the lay theologian Erik Peterson-Rom—before his conversion professor of church history in the Protesant faculty of Bonn—deserve to be translated. The great merits of Swiss publishers, also of such Catholic houses as Benziger in Einsiedeln or Stoker in Luzern, are neither known nor appreciated.

To improve the contacts of American Catholicism with Europe will, I am sure, help to bring about more understanding and also more admiration of the activities which have developed among American Catholics.

WALDEMAR GURIAN.

Editorially this week we emphasize diwculties to be overcome in the matter of mail service. We welcome Waldemar Gurian's re-emphasis of the need for personal contact as well. What organization have we to do the job which German Catholic Youth are already prepared to undertake?—THE EDITORS.

THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE

Mount Calvary, Wis.

TO the Editors: A week ago Wednesday last, I stepped out of the Royale Theater with a full heart. So full that I actually toyed with the idea of writing to Emmet Lavery—to tell him how magnificent I thought "The Magnificent Yankee" was, how glad that my first taste of Broadway was a taste of him. Then came THE COMMONWEAL, with Kappo Phelan's utterly ungracious review.

I remember, once, when Lavery asked *America's* reviewer what in the name of heaven a man has to do to write a novel. (They hadn't liked "Brother Petroc's Return.") Do you mind my asking, Kappo, what in the name of heaven a man has to do to write a play? Do both the argument and the dramatis personae *have* to be exotic? You claim that time was the chief, indeed the only protagonist. It seemed to me fairly obvious that the lives of two people were. I suppose, though, that one must admit that time is apt to transpire during life, especially two lives. And I agree that that is unfortunate. In any case, Louis Calhern and Dorothy Gish certainly left no doubt that they were, as you said they were not, *being* and *doing*. Make-up, without the character portrayal, would certainly have been ludicrous. But even you cannot bring yourself to say that Calhern and Gish, or the lines with which Lavery provided them, were ludicrous.

Why not admit that your pedantic isolation of the element of time is a little naive? (You did sound as if Lavery, poor devil, was interested merely in adding up something less than the monads of Leibniz.) Why not say simply that "The Magnificent Yankee' is not merely a portrayal of the passage of time, but a portrayal of *people living*? Biography surely, just as "Second Spring" was biography. Mr. Lavery claims nothing else for it. If you think biography and "literary methods" have no place in theater, that is your business. Take the matter up with Lavery, but please, excuse me, do not tell THE COMMONWEAL'S public it's a bore. As a freshet from the country, I assure you that it is not a bore, whatever else it is. And please do not demand that he fill those "large, unused areas of playing space" with theatrics. Good heavens, lady, have you never seen a spot worn bare on the living room rug—where father sits?

Well, maybe I am such a one as is likely to drip at a good reading of the alphabet. And maybe Kappo Phelan's review of "The Magnificent Yankee" was really not a review at all, but—to borrow a line from Dickens—merely "an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato."

Anyway, my guess is that it will be a long time before any critic will have to bother about reviewing another play at the Royale.

The Reverend FRANCIS SCHMIDTT.

The Stage & Screen

Dream Girl

IT WILL be no news to everyone that Elmer Rice's latest is funny, psychologically apt—esthetically an innovation, I think. Gay stuff all round, I wish the business might have included some serious overtones; the author opposes to his star-gazing heroine a number of persons who seem only less enchantingly silly than she is; but his story of twenty hours in the day of a young girl, plus as many projected fantasies in the same day of the same girl, is built from the boards up. In other words, schemed exactly for the stage, it breaks rules, creates precedent, clarifies a good bit of formal confusion and brilliantly uses a brilliant designer. To generalize, I will say this is one of the few modern plays I have seen where soliloquy is possibly and daringly employed—it occupies at least the first twenty minutes of the works; where fact

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and fancy are sequential and clear; and where the whole production is not only dependent upon expert lighting but actually achieves it. One of the most hazardous effects to attempt to produce on the stage is a true dark, capable completely of obscuring person, place and thing. As a matter of fact, I have never seen it perfectly done except here, where Jo Mielziner's expert handling of spots and arcs perfectly enables the skip from real to dream, from here to there and now to then, to be accomplished. I did not care so much for Mr. Mielziner's large engineering: sliding massive platforms and walls—a kind of Radio City approach—but I think this is a personal quibble and certainly his lighting pointed mood as well as place, a process which, since Appia, has been argued although rarely seen.

Onee is grateful to Mr. Rice that his writing provided for such technical excellence, but even more grateful for the intelligent precision displayed in his choice of material and attack. In the half-bakery of Broadway, the belated recognition of the science of psychiatry usually results in a kind of convention of disorder the moment the faculty of imagination (healthy or otherwise) is summoned by one or other members of a cast. Immediately, enormous, unidentifiable, tenanted visions—often in the forms of ballets—are sprung out of nowhere and swirled and swooped for no discernible reason other than ART, one supposes, or POETRY, or some equivalent miscalculation. In his depiction of a heroine who spends a long day largely dreaming it, while Mr. Rice has given himself almost unlimited opportunities for flight and figment, he has, I think, got off on the right foot. Beginning with *character,* his fantasies are naturally ordered: the dreams fit into the day so to speak; there are no figurations too alarming, interesting, or expensive for the size of the figurer; all the shadows are owned. If the case-history seems somewhat simple, nevertheless it is true, and its people are alive.

In the enormous part, I thought Betty Field quite wonderfully good. Her voice this time seemed particularly well projected, having all the sudden arpeggio natural to someone overly young and excessively devoted to revery. And her appearance, attitudes and gestures matched. Less interesting because less roundly written, the ordinary parts were well taken, with Edmon Ryan and David Pressman outstanding, I thought, and Wendell Corey energetic but always a little too loud. (*At the Coronet.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Nine Days Old

YOU CAN take your choice in the current crop of dramas; there's a type for every taste. For them what likes a plot in grand opera style with leering Italian villains, glittering spangles worn by demi-mondaines, and a well-aimed stiletto, the English have sent a concoction called *"Madonna of the Seven Moons."* It's about a schizophrenic, who in her normal life is a devoutly religious wife and mother, but, during her Mr. Hyde seizures, becomes the tempestuous mistress of the handsome leader (Stewart Granger) of a band of Italian cutthroats. The film does not delve in the psychology of

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the situation; it offers, however, as explanation the opening scene which shows the heroine as a convent girl being attacked by a Gypsy. Phyllis Calvert plays the difficult, dual-personality rôle extremely well. It is not her fault that the picture is smothered in bravura which gives the proceedings a phony note and is greatly exaggerated in the scenes of Italian low life. Melodrama hits a new high when the woman's uncommonly beautiful daughter (Patricia Roe) hires a treacherous gigolo to help in the search for mama. Although the film's cutting and script are poor, the Italian sets and music are exceptionally good and contribute effectively to this study of sacred and profane love. The religious scenes are also well handled; note particularly the unusual ending which may be considered unhappy from most movie standards, but is decidedly happy from the Catholic point of view because of the administration of the Last Sacraments. I hardly think this picture's assets overweigh its hokum.

For those who like their humor intentional, there's *"Because of Him,"* an item about a stage-struck waitress who badgers a famous actor until he finally consents to give her a rôle in his show. I found both the humor and the situations more than a bit corny. If you enjoy watching Deanna Durbin pulling all kinds of cheap and obvious tricks on Charles Laughton, who is represented as one of the great Cyranos of our time, you may like this mediocre movie. For a few moments I thought Franchot Tone, as the author whose play Laughton is doing, was pretty wise about the whole thing. When Charles eventually succumbs to Deanna (because she sings so well!) the great ham insists that she be in the play which is a straight dramatic piece! Then Tone wisely cuts down her lines, gives Laughton her speeches. I should however, have recognized this as love.

For those who like a touch of social significance in their films, ***"Colonel Effingham's Raid"*** can be recommended only for this reason. As cinema it falls pretty flat. Kathryn Scola, basing her script on Berry Fleming's book, allows the actors to give out with some amusing talk; but Director Irving Pichel forgets that dialogue, no matter how significant or entertaining, does not make a movie. There is practically no action. While we might agree with Colonel Effingham that even Fredericksville, Georgia, needs to be on its guard to preserve democracy, if the film cannot use cinematic terms to put over its message we may as well read the book and let it go at that. Charles Coburn is always a delight to watch; and as the scrappy colonel who refuses to let this town's crooked city-hall gang put anything over on him, he is in his best style. The colonel's methods are rather dogmatic, but when he's right, by jiminy, he's awfully right. His main fight in this case is to save the old courthouse, but somehow after the long harangue, we don't care much one way or the other. William Eythe and Joan Bennett, as newspaper folk, are on the colonel's side; and Allyn Joslyn, as the editor, favors the advertising department. The courthouse finally becomes a symbol; and we're glad to see that in the South (where we're told "politics and polite society don't mix") the money-minded politicians can be beaten by high-minded citizens.

And for those who prefer a good excursion into sentiment during the nostalgic 1910's there is *"Miss Susie Slagle's,"* a heart-warming picture about medical students at an Eastern school (not named but could be Johns Hopkins). What most of the men in this large cast have in common (besides classes, examinations, operations, etc.) is that they live at Miss Slagle's boarding house. Miss Susie, played by Lillian Gish with distinction and charm, is the kind of a landlady every male student might dream about but seldom actually gets. She keeps an eye on the boys (but not too strictly); she inspires them ("None of my boys has ever failed.") and, after long years of study, they leave her regretfully with fond memories. Sonny Tufts, Billy De Wolfe, Pat Phelan, Bill Edwards, Lloyd Bridges portray some of the young men whose progress we watch and whose varied personal problems we see solved—satisfactorily or otherwise. Although Miss Susie's place is strictly stag (except for the anatomical figure of Elyse painted on the bathroom ceiling) several girls enter the crowded plot: principally, Veronica Lake as a student nurse who falls in love with one of the boys and loses him sadly; and a lovely newcomer, Joan Caulfield, as an instructor's daughter who sets her cap for Sonny Tufts. Several people wrote the tear-jerky though interesting script from Augusta Tucker's novel; and for once such a joint endeavor adds up to something that is not hodge-podge. Director John Berry also deserves credit for molding his large cast and the diversified stories into an entertaining whole. Mind you, this is on the soft side, but those who like this sort of thing will revel in it.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

The Sarcophagi of Ravenna. Marion Lawrence. College Art Association. $2.50.

"THE LIONS' tails are raised above their backs . . . here the lions are rampant, their forepaws resting on the tree . . . lions flanking a fleuron or palmette . . . surprisingly fierce and naturalistic lions . . ." Unless one is an expert, that is always the way it is with meticulous archeological description; one gets interested in the lions. There has been all this careful work with hundreds of footnotes, this disciplined comparative study of detail in order to establish a chronology for a series of monuments, trace their origin, explain their symbolism and, unless one has studied with Mr. Morey or somebody, one will go off pursuing the lions or pursued by the lions—or else it will be doves, peacocks, the deer or the lambs. Or it may not be the detail of decoration—the doves with the cup, the lambs with the Cross, the two lions with Daniel unperturbed between them—it may be the object itself that will seize the mind detaching it from text, classification, dispute: the empty, always empty tomb.

In these abandoned sepulchres the corpse is never *in situ*, as archeologists might say; the sculptured stone coffins hold only the dust of museums or churches unless more favored they line the Appian Way beween the greater and also empty mausoleums and then the leaves from the poplars drift down upon them. Even the identification of the sarcophagi is so often a matter of

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doubt; whom were they carved for, what body did they hold, were they used again and again as living men forgot the dead?

Galla Placidia, captured by Alaric, hostage among the Visigoths, Empress: it is in Ravenna that she built the mausoleum for the imperial tombs in which she would lie with Constantius, her husband, with Honorius her brother. When the traveler is in Ravenna at the mausoleum the guide speaks these names that have survived from the turbulent years of the fifth century; the figures that bore them move in hieratic procession in the mosaics of the Ravenna churches.

The author of this study speaks also of Galla, Constantius, Honorius. But she also refers, in footnotes, to Ciampini, Garrucci, Venturi, Goldmann, Dütschke, Corrado Ricci, Gerola, and E. Hutton, colleagues in research; and this is what she does to the imperial tombs: "We now come to one of the most puzzling of the symbolic sarcophagi, the so-called tomb of Constantius. The tradition which associates this with that emperor seems to be no earlier than the sixteenth century and it is highly unlikely that it is his tomb. Constantius died in 422 before Galla Placidia's flight to Constantinople and if she built the mausoleum which is ascribed to her, it was after her return to Ravenna in 425 and more probably nearer the year of her death in 450. Since her son, Valentinian III, was murdered in Rome in 454 and her daughter, Honoria, disappeared from history c. 452, according to tradition entering a convent in southern Italy, it is also unlikely that the sarcophagus held either of them.

"Furthermore if the so-called imperial sarcophagi in the Mausoleum were made for Galla Placidia and her immediately family, one would naturally expect them to be of the same architectural type or at least of the same workmanship. This is not true . . ." So Constantius is not there and perhaps never was there, and Galla is not there; look what happens to Honorius—after further reference to Ciampini, Garrucci, ah, and Riegl. "The large sarcophagus (Fig. 61) in the right transept of the tomb of Galla Placidia has been assigned to Honorius with as little reason as the one given to Constantius. Honorius died in 423 in Rome and according to tradition was buried there near St. Peter's. Galla Placidia had fled from his attentions, she certainly lost no love for her brother and it is hard to conceive that years later she would have retrieved his body and given it such honorable burial."

The tombs are empty and there is no use peopling them with memories.

In New York you walk down Madison Avenue past Sacher's, past the Elks Club, past the White Turkey Inn and on the east side of the street in the garden of the Morgan Library there was this sarcophagus close to the iron fence and the sidewalk. Sometimes the snow would be falling on it; sometimes late at night the street would be nearly silent and the tomb would be there on the lawn with the flowers that the gardener attends, and then it would be that you wondered for whom it had been built, from what Italian town had it been brought by Mr. Morgan; was it pre-Christian, or Christian, or had it been sculpted lovingly and uncertainly in that period when Christians still used the old symbolism infusing into it as best they could the intent of their hope. Lately the sarcophagus has been removed.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Rural Hunterdon. Hubert G. Schmidt. Rutgers. $3.50.

HERE IS a volume of local history of a sort little interesting to the majority of readers yet fascinating to anyone having associations with the subject and essential as background for the historian working on a wider canvas. Hunterdon County is in the west-central section of the state of New Jersey. Mr. Schmidt has applied to the writing of its history the proper critical standards as well as a pleasantly straightforward style. What he has produced is an object-lesson for local choniclers.

Negro Labor. Robert C. Weaver. Harcourt. $3.00.

WHEN I was a young man, I would close a book on Christian Apologetics with a feeling of exhilaration: "Let's see them answer that one." As I grew older, I found that no one bothered to "answer that one," for the simple reason that no one except confirmed believers bothered to read it. Prejudice is not given to signing its own death-warrant.

The same thing is true of books on racial justice. Be the arguments ever so cogent, they are caught and absorbed in the tangle of myth and misstatement by which bigotry lives. We may as well accept the fact that books by and about Negroes are for the information of the convinced, rather than for the conversion of infidels. To reduce the fortress of racial reaction, we must depend upon personal example, vocal persuasion, and well-aimed publicity. Of course for the irreconcilables there is always the law. (In our own country, the outlawing of bordellos probably has done as much to eliminate harlotry as has the Sixth Commandment.)

In "Negro Labor," Mr. Weaver provides some worthwhile information to the publicist and the persuader. His is not an aggressive book, nor even a partisan book. It is a dispassionate study of the development, fluctuations and problems of Negro labor in our national economy. It is a theme for which Mr. Weaver is well qualified. He has served several federal agencies as adviser on Negro affairs, and presently is Director of Community Services, American Council on Race Relations, in Chicago. Whether he discusses the Philadelphia street-car strike, or the successful fight against the Jim Crow union policy of the International Association of Machinists, the author has his facts well in hand, presenting an over-all picture that is of real help to any student of race relations.

It is not with Mr. Weaver's facts, but with his conclusions, that the reader is most likely to disagree. The author seems to feel that racial prejudice is almost wholly economic. Obtain full employment, he says, and white resentment against Negro job-competitors will tend to disappear. On the other hand, give the Negro a sense of security by anti-discrimination (FEPC with teeth) legislation, and his anti-white tension will dissolve. But Mr. Weaver is rather unfortunate in his choice of the 1943 Detroit race-riot as an example of economic-rooted tension. On the contrary, there *was* full-employment for the Detroit Negro in 1943. His cross was that with good wages in his pocket, he couldn't buy decent housing or decent social living.

To this reviewer it seems evident that there is no one thing more conducive to race conflict than the so-called restrictive covenant, which condemns a minority group to live in ghettos and alleys, in shacks and garages, regardless of culture and regardless of income. That, in turn, stems from a plain denial of the brotherhood of man. Ultimately the economic and social phases of racial prejudice are results, not causes. For complete emancipation the Negro has his choice of two roads: either the communist ideal of brotherhood in the proletariat, or the Christian ideal of brotherhood in the Mystical Body of Christ. Many of us Catholics do little to make the choice an easy one for the Negro.

Aside from his theorizing, Mr. Weaver has done a fine job of appraisal, and has given us a book that repays reading. It is to be expected that his style is a trifle pedestrian, since he writes as a student rather than a rhetorician. LEO J. TRESE.

The King's General. Daphne du Maurier. Doubleday. $2.75.

MANDERLY has become Menabilly; the pirate of "Frenchman's Creek" the King's General in the West; the smugglers of "Jamaica Inn" royalist conspirators; but Daphne du Maurier's formula of romantic melodrama in the cloak and sword tradition, spiced to the modern taste with hardboiled Hemingway characters serving as foils for her genteel if foolhardy heroines, remains the same. There is no doubt that the formula is to the popular taste, but repetition is making it somewhat wearisome, despite the gorgeous settings and trappings which positively demand technicolor. It is a pity that Miss du Maurier's real talents for the telling of tales, the creation of character, and the evocation of the colorful past of her beloved Cornwall should be devoted to essentially cheap and vulgar entertainments. There is a certain hollowness about this book which is reminiscent of an actor deliberately hamming a too familiar rôle which the box-office demands that he continue to play. And then, perhaps with an eye on Hollywood's interest in suggestiveness, Miss du Maurier has coarsened her standards, though it is doubtful if Cavalier ways would have been as much to the taste of the Legion of Decency as those of the Roundheads. MASON WADE.

Labor Today and Tomorrow. Aaron Levenstein. Knopf. $2.75.

THIS BOOK makes the Montgomery Ward case symbolic of the present conflict between management and labor. Government control of business and labor seems to be the inevitable corollary to government interference. The war and Sewell Avery focus the economic battlefield for the reader too simply and too luridly. The book covers all the ground, battleground it is, and this is overemphasized. All the inevitable questions are answered, too many of them too heartily answered and too hastily.

This book is an interpretative history of labor today and tomorrow. This *PM* kind of reporting confuses and irritates the reader particularly if the reader happens to know all the facts involved. This is glaringly evident in the reference to the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. More and more books are written out of books. This is easier but dangerous. For the horizon of the book shelf has deep precipices in which reality is easily lost. No one knows labor or indeed anything else if he only knows about it what reports and books and newspaper articles tell him. Even a telephone call would have made clear to the author that the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists is not a labor faction, that the priests he mentioned are remotely associated with this movement and that someone was pulling his leg in a bad joke when he wrote: "Many who now cooperate with it are worried

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over the possibility that the ACTU is only the liberal missionary preceding a reactionary invasion and that the hierarchy will take over once Catholic influence is firmly established." Another writer informed us recently that the ACTU had taken over the hierarchy. Some ACTU!

JOHN MONAGHAN.

The Meaning of Human Experience. Lynn Harold Hough. Abingdon. $3.00.

SINCE Dean Hough's lectures run to 350 pages and treat of topics in fields as varied as those of epistemology, literary criticism, biblical theology and the philosophy of history, one can do little more than touch upon them within the limits of a brief review.

His basic thought is that man achieves full stature only by combining the humanistic tradition with the teachings of the Gospel in a synthesis that provides for the culture of both mind and heart and that recognizes the Incarnate God as the Supreme Arbiter of life. To the general lines of such a program the Christian critic can scarcely take exception.

And yet, impressive as are Dr. Hough's own erudition and evident devotion to our Lord, the Catholic will experience difficulty with a number of the positions taken in the book. Thus in the section on "The Nature of the Real," one hesitates to accept that personal idealism which is the solution of the author; in the treatment of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, one looks in vain for definite affirmation as to the objectivity of God's inspiration; while in the quite beautiful chapter on "Religion as Redemption," with all its stress upon the need of our becoming at one with Christ upon the Cross, there is strangely lacking any insight into the central importance of Baptism and the Eucharist in the creating and nourishing of the "new man in Christ" who finds in his elevation and transformation by divine grace the true purpose of his earthly pilgrimage.

HENRY G. J. BECK.

Tomorrow's Trade. Stuart Chase. Twentieth Century Fund. $1.00.

THIS IS the fifth in a series of related popularizations made by the author for the Twentieth Century Fund. It is clear, informative, succinct and good reading—in fact everything that a popularization ought to be. A brief volume on the subject of America's foreign commerce is of necessity fragmentary. Yet the amount of economics and detailed information it contains is remarkable. The emphasis, too, is in the right direction; it explodes the fallacy of a "favorable" balance of trade and emphasizes the importance of foreign production and prosperity.

The Berlin Stories. Christopher Isherwood. New Directions. $3.50.

"THE Last of Mr. Norris" and "Goodbye to Berlin" are herewith reprinted in one volume. Arthur Norris is one of the very nastiest villains in all fiction and it is vastly agreeable to have him with us again in such a pleasant printing, and Sally too. Mr. Ishedwood's characters are masterpieces of searching horror; his technique of rousing the fainting world is as asafetida and burning feathers. These stories are even more effective now than when they first were written, for, from the deeps we have plumbed since 1932, we can better appreciate the deeps in Mr. Isherwood's characters, and perhaps, from them, learn something of the cavities in our own.

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The Inner Forum

Catholic-Jewish Relations

IT IS appropriate about the time of the fifteenth annual observance of Brotherhood Week, sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, to call attention to a new hundred-page pamphlet prepared by Father Gregory Feige and the Religion and Culture Subcommittee of the Catholic Association for International Peace (1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington 5, D. C.). It is addressed directly to Catholics and suggests to them a properly Christian attitude toward their Jewish fellow-men.

Here are a few subtitles from the pamphlet's second chapter: "All Are God's Children"; "All Are Redeemed by Christ"; "All Are One in Christ." The earlier chapters also emphasizes the strong religious bond which Catholics should feel toward the Jewish people. They cite the lineage of Our Lord and Our Lady, the relationship between the Passover and Easter, the incorporation of the psalms and other elements in the Jewish liturgy into the public prayer of the Church and other reasons why Catholics have closer kinship with the Jews than with the generality of their fellow-men (to whom they owe the charity which should exist among all the sons of a common Father).

Other chapters deal with such subjects as the growth of anti-Jewish sentiment in the United States and other countries, the history of Jewish life in this country and the sources of anti-Semitic propaganda. Special attention is devoted to "the sin of anti-Semitism" which has been condemned by Pius XI and a number of other Popes. In this connection it is worth repeating the words of Pius XI, who at the crucial moment of September, 1938, pointed out so feelingly that the spirit of anti-Semitism was incompatible to the link with the sacrifices of Abel, Abraham and Melchisedech in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass: "No, it is not possible for Christians to take part in anti-Semitism. . . . Spiritually we are Semites."

This pamphlet, "Catholics and Jews," concludes with a plea for all men of good will to collaborate in matters of constructive action—particularly in informational and educational activity. It concludes with the words of King David, "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brothers to dwell together in unity." As an appendix a Catholic statement and a Jewish statement are presented as significant texts. The first of these was recently signed by the Catholic bishops of Texas and Oklahoma commending to Catholics the work of the National Conference of Christians and Jews; the second comprises excerpts from the "Columbus Platform" of beliefs held by Reformed Judaism in the United States.

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